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No. 12.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1877.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach *Grip* office not later than Wednesday. — Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, *Grip* office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Beast in the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 11TH AUGUST, 1877.

The Dunkin Act.

SUPPORTING CITIZEN.—I cannot sleep, eat, or drink, till this tremendous question is settled. The demon ALCOHOL has to be fought and destroyed to the last inch of his fiery and all-consuming tail. To think that millions of my fellow beings are beneath his iron sway; that the screams of myriads of starving wives and children rise ever on the whiskey polluted air, that the bloated tavern keeper and the awful manufacturer roil in uncounted wealth and gloat over the miseries they create, that the fiend Intemperance riots unchecked, smiling at the ruin he has made; that Horror, and Crime, and Ruin, and Despair, and Wretchedness, and Agony, and Blasted Hopes, and Crushed Careers, and Pain, and Misfortune, and Woe, and Wickedness, and Contempt of Law, and Hate of Order, roam unrestrained through our persecuted land, howl in our high places, and intrude into our secret chambers, that our country is destroyed, our city crushed, our aspirations checked—our—our—*(loses his breath, sits down, and gasps convulsively)*.

OPPOSING CITIZEN.—Cannot sleep! indeed! No wonder, considering your atrocious attempt. To introduce a law curtailing my personal liberty, to emasculate the citizens, to destroy confidence, and in the Name of Temperance to Introduce a Foul and Blasting Cancer in the Land, to Destroy Self-Government, to crush Reason in its Bud, and Slay Discrimination on its Throne, to Erect a Tyranny which shall compel its Slaves to eat and Drink, to sleep and rise at the bidding of a Ferocious Majority lusting for Power over the Mind and Bodies of Men, to compel thousands yet unborn to bend beneath the iron yoke of a fierce and fanatical despotism, to dictate to me in my most private affairs, and interfere with my particular affections, to attempt to Bring into a Free and Happy Country a Grinding and Desolating—to—to—to—*(sits down and pants)*.

SUPPORTING CITIZEN.—I had once a high opinion of you. Oh, how sadly that opinion is changed.

OPPOSING CITIZEN.—No man than yourself once stood higher in my thoughts—now, no man stands lower.

OPPOSER.—What? This passes all bounds! Sir, you are a—you are a hypocrite—you drink, sir, secretly and feloniously, sir; you get your beer in by the flour-bag full, sir, from the baker; yes sir—

SUPPORTER.—Sir, you are a liar, and you know it. You have an interest, sir. Yes sir, you are a bloated tavern-keeper in disguise, sir!

OPPOSER.—Sir, be calm. These disputes should be conducted with mildness. But my high personal regard for yourself cannot blind me to the conviction that you are an Unmitigated Fiend *(strikes an attitude)*.

SUPPORTER.—*(strikes another)*—Shut up your snap, you snipe! Once I thought much of you. But now I hold no terms, and denounce you as a Vile Sweller and Reveller in the Fatening Gore of the Victims of an accursed Traffic! Avaunt!

OPPOSER.—In spite of ancient friendship, you are a Reptile!

SUPPORTER.—Beast!

OPPOSER.—Pig! Hog! Ass!

SUPPORTER.—Miscreant! *(tumbles OPPOSER into gutter, and runs off to vote for Dunkin Act)*.

OPPOSER.—Tyrant! *(gets up and runs after to vote against it)*.

Blake to the Rescue.

Now instruction and edification may mix,
In the tale of a Government all in a fix,
And the he or the she who the moral despises,
Shows that neither that he nor that she very wise is.

Oh who is you Minister, sitting in state,
Where clerks are all busy, and pages do wait,
With contractors so fat, and with editors muzzled?
Oh, that is MACKENZIE, the Wofully Puzzled.

And who is it approaches the presence but now,
With much dust on his garments, much cloud on his brow,
With concealed trepidation who meets his employer?
Oh, 'tis CARTWRIGHT, the Mystified Tariff Destroyer.

"Oh, hoo gangs the warfare throughout the country?
And hoo gang the picnics noo tell unto me?
Oh, weel do I ken I'll hae reason to wunner,
If ye're runnin' the business without any blunner."

"Oh, ill go the pic-nics, it grieves me to say,
To Sir JOHN the whole country may soon turn away,
And the Grits and the Tories demand our rejection
For the want of some nonsense—they call it Protection."

"Now get ye right oot," did the Minister say.
"I kenned weel ye wad spoil it, an' spoil'd it ye hae,
Fit for naething but errans; gang oot o' the toon.
And bring hither Big Push, which is otherwise Broom."

Oh, see you Big Push marching in in his pride,
And see you the crowd hopping clear of his stride?
"Can ye no keep the charge I hae given ye'er hand in?
Ca'in me, when my coos are attention demandin'!"

"In or Oot," answers MAC, "we are joost on the jump.
A' the fat's in the fire if ye takna the stump."
Then BIG PUSH of his anger gives fierce demonstration,
And his face is a thing quite to make a sensation.

"Frae my fairm and my newspapers wad ye me take?
Pray, for what am I keepin' the creature ca'ed BLAKE?
Seven thoosan' a year!—and talks o' the condecion
O' his health!—let him stoomp, or resign the posection."

The door he has banged—from the room he has gone,
And the Minister, with woful countenance on,
Says, "Gang for him, then, if he be in oor borders,
And remark that "Speak noo!" is the Dictator's orders."

But what form now appears in the Minister's room?
Whose that brow full of power—that eye fixed in gloom?
"You would have me address the Canadian nation?
Have me read my own record of stultification?"

"All the visions I painted before them recall—
Show my promises great and performances small—
Unreforming Reform how I went round abusing—
Unreforming Reformers for allies then choosing?"

"Well, the bargain I've made I must now carry out
State the circuit, and I shall go round it and spout,
And explain that my leader, his principles jumping
Not with mine, shook mine out, and then sent me a-stumping."

The Store

WORKINGMAN'S WIFE.—*(to clerk in grocery)*—I want a pound of your best coffee, two pounds dollar green tea, two dozen eggs, two papers cornstarch for blancmange, two pounds best currants, two do. table raisins, ½ pound orange peel, two bottles of pickles, and ten pounds of sugar. And would you give me three bottles of beer, and charge them all, for my man's been out of work for three weeks.

PROPRIETOR OF STORE.—How can you afford to live so well? I cannot allow my family many of those things.

W. W.—Well, sir, you see if we don't enjoy ourselves now we never will. Besides, we get help from charitable people in the winter.

PROPRIETOR.—*(to clerk)*—I don't think we can charge those things, James, as I am not acquainted with any charitable person who will assist me in the winter.—*(exit customer.)*

Snobbery.

There's not a kinder soul
Than my uncle Bobbery
Yet nothing raises his bile
So much as talk about Snobbery.
About the ignorant rich
With whom vulgarity lingers
That however well they dress
Blow their nose with their fingers.
Or, about a splendid hoase
So grand, so mansard-attical,
Yet where the inmates' speech
Is awfully ungrammatical.
Or where the chief relief
To the very silliest chat
Is singing that cmlates,
A most irate tom cat.
And lest such taste should be hid,
The windows are open and flaring,
So that all the people who pass,
May admire by stopping and staring.
And so as my uncle fumes
The more and more I laugh,
For Snobbery seems to me,
To be only fit for chaff.

TOMMY.



HOW THE " ARBITRARY MEASURE " WILL WORK.

WORKINGMAN (*Dramatically*).—"THE SUBJECT WHO IS TRULY LOYAL WON'T SUBMIT TO NO ARBITRARY FIVE-GALLON MEASURES, SO I SAVES MY MONEY AND COMES HOME SOBER!"

Compensation.

There was a little colony,
Treated badly as it could be,
Robbed by neighbors of greater might,
While the mother country cried "All right."
Made a neutral fighting ground.
Where Green and Orange could tear around.
Till Fortune said, from her golden car,
"They're coming too hard on her by far."

The Fenians used her as a prey,
The Yankees hooked her fish away.
A slaughter house her ports they made,
With foreign goods they crushed her trade;
Bad Governments had worked their will,
And scanty crops had wrought her ill,
Till Fortune said, "It's getting too much,
Of better times she *should* have a touch."

So she set the men of troops and fleet
Busy raising the price of wheat,
When they're breaking each other's bones,
Up goes the staple Canada owns,
Then she filled our harvest store.
Crops whose like we'd never before,
With sheaves the barns near burst in two,
And Fortune said, "There's a lift for you."

Correspondence from Turkey.

BY OUR BASHI BAZOUK.

I was sitting by the camp-fire of my friend MAHMOUD to-day. He is a splendid fellow, with a perfect second-hand store of rusty pistols and cutting instruments strung around him. He was pensively boiling two skulls in his camp-kettle, to clean them of superfluous flesh. They had belonged to a couple of young and handsome Bulgarian ladies, who, after the storming of Kir-Istul, had succumbed to my friend's invincible scimitar. He intended to have them set as cups, in silver, in order to present them to the favourite of his harem. "FATIMA will like them," he said, "though it is too great an honor for the bones of the Christian animals."

"But I was about to ask you about Plevna, my friend," I said.

"Day ever to be praised," said MAHMOUD, elevating his hands and clapping them over his head three times, as is the religious custom of his tribe. "Surely Heaven is on our side! The infidels delivered themselves into our hands, and offered their throats to be cut. Just think of it, my friend! The Moscovite Christians marching up to be slain, and the English and Yankee Christians sending us just the right kind of guns to slay them with."

"Was there hard fighting?" I asked.

"Praise be to ALLAH," said MAHMOUD, "there was no fighting, but much killing. We were—us true believers—behind earthworks. We had the Martini-Henry rifle, which pours bullets in a stream of fifteen a minute, and shoots further and straighter than any the Muscovs have got; also we had ammunition as the sands of the sea in number. The Muscovs marched up in columns, but as soon as they were within range they were dead. They could see nothing of us but our heads, but we could see them. Truly we fired straight as possible, for we had reason for not letting them near us. Allah is good to us. I picked enough coins out of the dead fellows' pockets at night to ornament a complete girdle for DUDU. She shall sing to me on my return."

He stirred the whitening skulls in the pot, and lighted his long hookah; the fragrant smoke arose upon the darkening air, the bul-bul sung plaintively in the distance; the evening gun boomed sullenly from far distant Rustchuk, and we were happy.

Correspondence from Russia.

BY OUR IMPERIAL GUARDSMAN.

The Emperor reclined on his couch. I was on guard. A coach and four, with dragoon escort, had arrived opposite the tent. An officer in full uniform alighted, and approached me. It was KRUDENER. He was admitted. I could overhear. I heard the Emperor spring from his couch. "Wretch," he cried, "how have you destroyed my legions? What is this?"

"Sir," said KRUDENER, "I have been bred to war. I have fought for Russia. I know but of one course. Put your troops opposite your enemy; let them attack him. I did it."

"And you knew nothing," said the Emperor, "of the improved weapons with which that enemy was armed? You did not know your troops would die before they reached them?"

"I do not," said the General, "know anything about those things, your Majesty. My soldiers had as good weapons as their predecessors had, when I studied war. I put my troops oppo—"

"Get out of the tent! Go to Siberia at once!" shouted the Emperor

"If you are here to-morrow I'll know you to death."
The General left in a hurry. I should advise you Canadians, if you have any fighting to do, not to let respectable old fogeys lead your troops.

King Dunkinite and the Drunken Knight.

A CANADIAN LEGEND OF '77

The temperance movement moves on. Meetings are held nearly every night in the large tent at which there is always great enthusiasm. W. Hurd, of Dover, New Hampshire, in the course of his speech last night spoke thus encouragingly of the fate of whiskey drinkers:—"When the Dunkin Act is passed and the old toppers will buy their five gallons, let them do it, and take it home and drink it all. It will kill them, sure, and the devil will have them." It would be almost superfluous to say that after such an eloquent appeal as that a large number signed the pledge.—*Press Telegram.*

CANTO THE FIRST.

His hair was gray, but his heart was gay,
And his wealth astonished all;
And he spent it, aye, in a royal way,
And to drink admonished all.
"Drink," cried he, "oh, drink," cried he,
"Drown your sorrows in a royal spree!"

His eyes shone bright, but his head was light,
As he tript from bar to bar;
And they whispered, "'Tis the Drunken Knight
From the land of the *Phansegar*."
"Drink," cried he, "oh drink," cried he,
"Drown your terrors in a royal spree!"

His words took flight and a lurid light
Flashed in the halls of revelry;
And the Drunken Knight turned pale with fright,
And groaned at the echoing devilry:
"Drink, oh drink! thy stranglers are
Waiting, prey of the *Phansegar*."

CANTO THE SECOND.

There passed that way, on a summer day,
A man of dry but honest name;
'Twas WILLIAM DUNKIN—some would say
'Twas DUNKIN BILL—of local fame.
Oh DUNKIN BILL was a man of might,
And the yeoman prince in the liquor fight.

He dealt dismay to the rumshops gay,
Brought sorrow to the tipplerhood;
For he said "Five gallons sell you may,
But not a glass, to the drunkard brood."
And the revellers turned pale with fright,
And the sport died down like the hush of night.

"By yon black star of the *Phansegar*!
You must not stop the sparkling glass—
Five gallons speed my soul afar—
Then rob me not the sparkling glass!
By my fat pouch and knighthood rare,
I'll slay thee dead if thou shalt dare!"

CANTO THE THIRD.

How desolate, but glittering late,
The palaces of Bacchus are!
For Dunkin Bill, with deadly hate,
Destroyed their glorious glass and bar.
But hold! what creature creepeth here,
With such a look and such a leer?

"Bow low to the floor and the conqueror.
Alas, poor humbled Knight?
But give me but a drink once more
And take my rags, my all, to-night.
Drink I must, yes drink," cried he,
"To drown my terror in a royal spree!"

They gave him there, in the night's dark glare,
Five gallons for the fee of death;
And shadows danced in the halls so bare,
And joined him in his spree of death.
And the Drunken Knight, at the dead of night,
Was strangled by the whiskey sprite.

The New Idea.

Mr. JURY, who speaks in a Free Trade direction,
Says he don't like at all this demand for Protection,
Which would tend to make Canada too good a place
To live in; to get here there'd be quite a race,
And swamp us with immigrants. GRIP does agree,
And tells JURY that's what we want this place to be.
But let JURY straightway to some Island repair,
So horrid that no one else wants to go there.
Let him keep that same island as bad as he can,
And live there himself like a primitive man.
Have it all to himself, and run things his own way,
And GRIP hopes he will like it, and hopes he will stay.

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OF THE
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Box 979. **JOHN T. MOORE,**
Secretary.

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v-6-1f

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Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

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